BOYS AND GIRLS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL

Christmas 1934

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BOYS AND GIRLS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Even the famous Daniel Boone was pleased.

Frontispiece. *See page* 15.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL

CO-AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN HISTORY STORY-BOOK," "THE ENGLISH HISTORY STORY-BOOK," "PIONEERS OF AMERICA," "LOG CABIN DAYS," "HEROIC DEEDS OF AMERICAN SAILORS," "AMERICAN HISTORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS," "THE CHILD'S BOOK OF AMERICAN HISTORY"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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PREFACE

This book is planned to serve as a supplementary reader for use in the fourth and fifth grades of our public schools, also for other boys and girls from nine to ten years of age. It may also be used as collateral reading in connection with an elementary textbook on American history and with four other books of similar grade in this series, namely, "The American History Story-Book", "The Child's Book of American History", "Heroic Deeds of American Sailors", and "Pioneers of America."

We have set forth in some detail a number of dramatic and picturesque stories in early American history. In an easy and familiar style, we have described the daring deeds, the heroic acts, and other thrilling events

which were so common a part of the daily life of boys and girls in the pioneer days.

The author hopes that this book, with the other books of this series, may serve to arouse and hold the attention of our young folks, and also to stimulate them to read and study in later years more zealously the history of their country.

A bit of romance, dramatic stories of stirring events, or a striking incident, instinct with human life, fixes history in the minds of young people more securely than many pages of mere description.

The author would call the attention of pupils and teachers to the usefulness of the various books mentioned in the Appendix on pages 145–151, in suggesting additional material for collateral reading in American history.

A. F. Blaisdell

December, 1926

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BOYS AND GIRLS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

I

ADVENTURES OF PIONEER CHILDREN

MUCH has been written about the men and women who left their homes in the East and settled in the far-off wilderness of the "North West Territory." That great region once included what is now Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. The children of those early pioneers had an important part in making the history of our country. In wit, bravery, heroism and endurance in time of peril and hardship, they held their own with the pioneer men and women. If all the stories of these pioneer children could be written, it would fill a large book.

A little while after the Battle of Bunker Hill a family by the name of Mullen, with some of their neighbors, traveled on foot over Boone's Wilderness Road and settled in Ken-

tucky. They built a log cabin for themselves not far from the Boonesborough Stockade Fort. Before they had been there long Mr. Mullen was killed by the Indians. His widow and the two boys were left alone in the cabin.

About dusk one evening three Indians were seen coming toward the Mullen cabin. Mrs. Mullen was sick in bed at the time. Fifteen-year-old Peter, the eldest of the children, caught a glimpse of the savages. At once he closed the cabin door and fastened it with the big oak bar. The Indians, finding the door shut, tried to get the family to open it.

"We are friends," they said in broken English, "and we are tired and hungry. We shall do you no harm."

"You cannot come in. Go away," said Peter.

That made the Indians so angry that they began to batter down the door. There was no gun in the cabin, but there was an old rifle barrel. The quick-witted lad seized that and

pushed it through a loop-hole in the cabin wall. The Indians, thinking it was a real rifle, dashed into the woods, and a little while later a party of riflemen from the stockade arrived. Though the Mullen family did not know it, two boys who were on their way home from a hunting trip had seen the Indians as they were trying to break down the cabin door. They had rushed back to the stockade village and spread the news.

In the same year that General Burgoyne was defeated at Saratoga, a pioneer named Peter Clark was living with his family at the Logan stockade in Kentucky. This fort was named for a famous Indian fighter of that time.

One moonlight night, while Mr. Clark was away on a hunting trip, his family were aroused from their sleep by the furious barking of Tiger, their big watch dog. Mrs. Clark looked through a loop-hole in the wall and was horrified to see five Indians creeping up to the cabin. She called Sam, the oldest boy, and

he hurried down from the loft. There was only one rifle in the cabin, but the boy knew how to use it. An Indian was trying to kill Tiger, the dog. Sam pushed his rifle through a loop-hole, and shot him. The other Indians now went round to the rear of the cabin and talked over what they should do. Sam reloaded his rifle, took careful aim at the group through another loop-hole, and dropped another savage.

The three redskins that were left then brought a big log from the woods and made ready to break down the cabin door. Sam fired again and wounded one of them. The other two, taking the wounded one with them, disappeared in the woods. Meanwhile the men at the stockade had heard the firing. They hurried to the relief of the family.

Just before the end of the Revolution two companies of British regulars and three hundred Indians made an attack on Bryan's Station. That was a large stockade fort in Ken-

tucky, a few miles from where the city of Lexington now stands. Near it is a little river that flows into the Ohio. On the banks of the stream lived a settler named Turner.

One day Mr. Turner had to go on horseback to a mill about ten miles away, to get some corn ground. He left at home his three children — Jennie, a girl of fifteen; Isaac, a boy of seventeen; and Peggy, a girl of twelve. The mother had been captured by the Indians a short time before.

Mr. Turner expected to get home at sunset, but he could not do it. As it grew dark the children did the chores and fastened the door of the cabin with the oak bar. Carlo, the watch dog, had his usual place before the fire.

By and by the dog began to growl in his sleep; then he woke up, ran to the door, and barked.

"Jennie," said Isaac. "I believe that Carlo smells Indians. I wish father were at home."

"There has n't been an Indian seen round here for a long time," replied Jennie.

After a while Carlo went back to the fire to finish his nap, but he still growled now and then.

Later in the evening Isaac happened to look through a loop-hole in the cabin, and in the bright moonlight saw several Indians skulking on the edge of the woods. A few moments later three of them tried to open the cabin door. When they found that it was fastened, they shouted that they would break it down unless it was opened. In some way they had learned that the children were alone in the cabin. When they found that they could not force the door, two of them climbed to the roof of the cabin and tried to slip down the great chimney, for the fire was low.

"Quick, Jennie!" cried Isaac. "Stir up the fire, and I will open up the feather bed."

In a moment Jennie had the fire blazing and Isaac had piled the contents of the feather bed on the flames. Down the chimney into the fire tumbled one of the Indians, nearly dead from the heat and almost blinded from the smoke. Isaac killed him with an axe.

The second Indian made a misstep and fell down the chimney. With a terrific leap, Carlo seized him by the throat and held on till he was dead. That was too much for the third Indian, who was still outside. When he heard Isaac open the door to let Carlo out, he took to the woods and was not seen again.

II

MORE ABOUT PIONEER CHILDREN

HUNTING wild turkeys was fine sport for the frontier settlers. Because the Indians knew it, one of their commonest tricks was to hide in the woods and imitate the call of the turkey. When a white hunter heard the call and crept up toward the place from which it seemed to come, the Indian, who had been hiding there, would shoot him. Skilled Indian fighters knew of the trick and would often creep up and shoot the Indian.

Twenty years before the Battle of Bunker Hill the Indians had become very bold and warlike, because of Braddock's defeat. They made many attacks on the frontier settlements along the Ohio river, and killed many of the people. Even General Washington said, "the tears of the women and the moving petition of the men melt me into deadly sorrow."

A settler by the name of Paul Kendall then lived in what is now West Virginia. Richard, the oldest son, was a sturdy boy of sixteen years. Early one morning he heard what seemed to be the call of a wild turkey from the high bank on the opposite side of the river.

"Let me go across and shoot him," said Richard to his father.

"No, my boy," replied Mr. Kendall. "That turkey call is n't the real thing. It 's an Indian trying to fool us."

Mr. Kendall then went to his work in the woods. When Richard heard the turkey call again, it was too much for him.

"Father was mistaken," he said to himself. So he seized his father's rifle, jumped into his canoe, and paddled across the river. Up the bank and through the thick underbrush he crept, expecting every moment to come upon a turkey. Sure enough, in a little while he heard the call again. He worked his way, through the thick undergrowth, watching

sharply in the direction from which the call had come.

Suddenly, instead of a wild turkey, he spied an Indian hiding behind a big log and craning his neck to look over the edge of the bank where Richard had landed.

The boy had been trained by his father to think and act quickly. He now realized the risk he had taken. Lying flat upon the ground, he pushed the rifle over a log in front of him and took careful aim. It was a good shot. The Indian dropped out of sight behind the log.

It was no time to look after the savage; there might be a dozen or more other Indians within gunshot. So the boy ran for his canoe and paddled across the river. He was soon safe at home in the cabin, where he found his father at dinner.

"Father," he said, "you were right. That was n't a turkey call but an Indian, and I shot him."

"Don't talk foolishly, my son," replied Mr.

Kendall. "You have n't been gone long enough to shoot an Indian. I heard your rifle shot across the river. Killed an Indian! That 's too much. But tell us your story."

The boy told what he had done.

"Well," said Mr. Kendall, "we 'll paddle over and see what we can find. Run down to the cross road and ask Morton and his two sons to bring their rifles and come with us. I 'm not going to take any chances of an Indian ambush."

They found the dead body of the Indian behind the fallen log, as Richard had said they would.

"Well, Richard, my boy," said his father, "you beat the Indian at his own game. We 'll hang the redskin's rifle and tomahawk over the fireplace to remind our friends of your lucky shot. But don't try it again."

In the early pioneer days along the western frontier, gunpowder and bullets were so scarce that as soon as boys were old enough to handle

a bow and arrow they were taught how to use them. Many of them became as skillful as the Indians themselves were.

One hot day in August a party of boys who lived in the Harrodsburg settlement in Kentucky came together in a rally to shoot wild pigeons.

On the day of the shoot, Colonel Henderson, a famous backwoodsman and land agent of those days, came on a visit. With him came Daniel Boone, the most famous Indian fighter and backwoodsman in the history of our country.

Colonel Henderson had heard of the skill with the bow of a certain boy named Joseph Callahan, who was easily the best shot in that whole region.

When everything was ready, the Colonel took a hickory rod, split one end of it, and stuck the other end into the ground. Then he put an English penny into the split, stepped off seventy-five feet, and, turning to Callahan, said, "Now, my boy, stand here; and if your

first arrow hits the penny, the money is yours."

The Colonel was astonished to see Joseph hit not only that first penny but every other one, as fast as he could place them in the slit. The boy hit ten of them without missing one.

"Well done, Joseph!" said the Colonel. "Here is a shilling. If you hit it in three shots it is yours."

Off went the arrow and down went the shilling.

"Here is sixpence," continued the Colonel, "the last small piece of change that I have. If you hit it in three shots, I will give you a deed to any forty acres of land that you may select within a distance of two miles from where we stand."

Up went the bow, and with a loud twang of the string the arrow sped on its flight. The sixpence flew ten feet. Cheer upon cheer arose for Joseph and Colonel Henderson. Even the famous Daniel Boone was pleased. He walked over to the boy and said, "Well done! If you learn to handle the rifle as well

as you handle the bow, you will be an able defender of your frontier home."

Joseph Callahan lived to be a very old man, but he never forgot the praise that he received from Daniel Boone. He left an interesting pen portrait of the great Indian fighter. In a book printed for him many years after that bow and arrow rally on the frontier, he wrote: "Daniel Boone was a tall, athletic man, straight as an arrow. While he seemed the most mild-mannered man in that rally, his face, an intelligent one, indicated great resolution and undoubted courage, having a restless, piercing eye. He was dressed in the usual garb of the backwoodsman. A coon-skin cap was upon his head. He wore a fringed buck-skin hunting shirt, with a wide cape. His leggins were of the same material. Moccasins covered his feet. In a broad belt, around his waist, hung a sheathed knife and a hatchet; over his shoulder was suspended a large powder horn and pouch. His long, heavy rifle rested against a tree at his side."

III

DE SOTO DISCOVERS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

IN the capitol at Washington there is a round hall one hundred feet across. It is one hundred and eighty feet from the floor to the dome. Upon the eight panels in the walls are hung oil paintings of great scenes in the history of this country. The most striking of them is Powell's picture of De Soto getting his first sight of the Mississippi River. That cruel but daring Spaniard was the first white man who saw the great river.

In the first fifty years after Columbus discovered America many Spaniards crossed the Atlantic. Some came to find gold, others in search of adventure. Balboa, a wild and reckless Spanish soldier, came to look for gold but discovered the Pacific Ocean. Ponce de Leon, a brave old Spanish soldier who had

come over with Columbus on his second voyage, sailed from Cuba far to the north. He sailed in the hope of finding a wonderful spring that would bring back the youth of anyone who bathed in its waters. He did not find it, but he did find a land so full of lovely flowers and green trees that he called it Florida, "The Land of Flowers." It still bears that name, as one of the forty-eight states of the Union.

Ferdinand de Soto, the first white man to see the Mississippi River, was, like Ponce de Leon, an old Spanish soldier of a noble family. He had been with Pizarro in Peru, where he had seen temples that were plated with gold. His share of the plunder had made him rich, but he had soon spent his fortune in high living. On his return to Spain he had been treated as a hero. He was in such high favor with the King of Spain that the king gave him permission to conquer Florida.

That pleased De Soto, for he believed that he could find gold there, as he and others had found it in Peru. At that time the mad craze

for gold and adventure met with great favor at the Spanish court. The dashing young sons of the nobles begged a chance to sail with De Soto to the new world and were allowed to go.

Money and supplies were generously furnished for the Florida adventure. About fifty years after Columbus had set out on his first voyage, De Soto sailed for Florida. With him he had six hundred picked men and two hundred horses. He had also bloodhounds and chains with which to hunt and enslave the Indians. He also carried hogs, that the men might have fresh meat.

That band of bold but cruel men, clad in steel armor, and driven on by greed, began its long tramp. The country seemed so much like a fairy garden that the men sang and shouted for joy.

"Surely, this is the land of gold!" they cried. "We shall go back to Spain laden with riches!"

The natives of that lovely land had never before seen white men. The steel armor of

the Spaniards, their cannon, their guns, their horses, were all strange to them. Sometimes they were friendly, at other times fierce and war-like. The war horses of the Spaniards fell dead under their riders as the Indian arrows pierced them.

De Soto began his march to the north through grand forests, over open ground, and through dismal swamps. He found clusters of Indian villages. From some of them the people fled as the Spaniards drew near. Others the Spaniards plundered for food. Everywhere they treated the natives with great cruelty. Even when the Indians met the Spaniards with peace, the Spaniards paid them with lying and evil deeds.

"Gold! Gold!" was their cry. "Where can we find gold?"

"Go farther to the north; there you will find plenty of it," was the reply of the Indians. But it was a trick to get rid of the hated foe.

A year of weary marching passed. Still there was no gold. At last De Soto came to

"Do you come for peace or war?" she asked. *Page* 21.

the banks of the Savannah River. There he found a rich and powerful Indian tribe, ruled by a beautiful princess, a girl only eighteen years old. She went out to meet the Spaniards, in the hope of making friends of them.

"Do you come for peace or war?" she asked through an interpreter.

"We come for peace and to find gold," the Spanish chief replied. "We need food and ask your help."

The princess and her people treated De Soto and his men kindly for several weeks. The Spaniards repaid her kindness by robbing the village of all the valuables they could find. De Soto made the princess a prisoner and forced her to march with him into the wilderness. He gained little by his cruelty, for the girl proved herself to be a real Indian. After marching a few days she suddenly dashed into the forest, and De Soto's men never saw her again.

De Soto now marched to the southwest. Often he met hostile Indians with whom he

fought. In every battle he lost a few men. His army began to grow smaller. In a great battle in Alabama, near where Mobile now stands, he lost many men, many horses, and a great quantity of supplies.

A year passed. The men were tired of their adventure, and began to grumble.

"We have met with dangers, battles, and hardships," they said to De Soto, "and have found no gold."

"Not for a moment will I listen to such talk!" he replied. "We will march to the north and west"; and they marched.

It was a strange-looking band. They were soldiers, but they looked like wild men. Their weapons were long since lost or broken. The men were clothed in skins. Few horses were left, and those few were worn out. There was little or no powder for the guns. The men wandered this way and that, caring little where they went.

Two years had passed since they had left Florida. One sunny morning De Soto came

out of the woods and found himself on the bank of a great river. It was the Mississippi, its vast waters hurrying on their way to the Gulf of Mexico. And so, almost by accident, De Soto was the first white man to see the Mississippi River. Little did he care for its majesty!

"There must be gold on the other side," he said. "At any rate, I will find out."

All hands were soon busy building boats and rafts to carry the little army across. There the crazy search for gold began again. For a year De Soto and his men explored the country west of the river, in what is now Arkansas and Mississippi. It was a year of hardship and disasters. At the end of it they went back to the great river.

Suffering and disappointment at last broke down the health of the leader. He caught a fever from camping in a swampy place. Feeling that his death was near, he called his men round him and told them how sorry he was for the perils and dangers that he had

made them pass through. The next day he died.

He was first buried near the camp. It was plain that if the Indians discovered that the leader of the white men was dead, they would attack, for it had been said that De Soto could neither die nor be killed. So his faithful men pretended that he was still living.

But that did not mislead the savages. Indians were soon prowling about the place where the dead leader had been buried. His followers took up the body and laid it in a rude coffin made from a hollow oak log. At midnight they carried it, wrapped in cloths filled with sand, to a boat and took it to the middle of the great river that De Soto had discovered. It sank at once, and left only a ripple to mark the last resting place of the great Spanish leader.

After the death of De Soto, whom the savages had held in awe, the remaining Spaniards were seized with panic. There was only one thing to do. That was to get out of

the wilderness, and, if possible, to reach Cuba or Florida. It took weeks to build the few rude boats in which they floated down the Mississippi. It was more than a year later when the ragged, half-starved remnant of De Soto's proud army found shelter in one of the Spanish colonies of Mexico.

Of the six hundred Spanish soldiers and two hundred and twenty-three horses that came to Florida three years before, only three hundred half-starved men, dressed in the skins of animals, reached a Spanish settlement to tell the story of their sufferings.

Though Ferdinand de Soto was cruel and greedy, he will always be remembered for two things: First, he discovered the Mississippi River. Second, he carried the Spanish flag to Florida beyond the Mississippi and half way across the continent.

IV

AN INDIAN TRICK THAT FAILED

FOR one hundred and fifty years or more there was a long and bitter war between the early settlers of this country and the Indians, to decide which party should hold the country. The savages used all kinds of tricks to mislead their enemies. They were full of shrewd plans to get within striking distance of their victims. Even the Indian boys learned to imitate the hoot of the owl, the cry of the turkey, and the howl of the wolf. By such tricks as those, and by many others, an Indian would draw a white man into the woods, only to kill him. The settlers in self-defense soon learned to play tricks on the Indians.

A regiment of patriots made up of men from New Hampshire, under the command of

Colonel Dean, was on its way to join General Stark's army in camp on the Connecticut River. At one place on the march a heavy guard was needed to protect the main body of troops from surprise.

One morning one of the night sentinels was found to be missing. He was gone, but he had given no alarm and had left no trace behind him. The next night some of the best men in the regiment were placed at that post, and every one of them was ordered to give warning at the slightest sign of danger. There was no alarm that night, but the next morning a sentinel was missing. Some said that he had deserted. Some said it was the work of Indians, others that the Evil One was in it. By the time that five or six men had disappeared in that curious way their comrades were filled with terror.

"If it had been Indians," some said, "the men would have fired their rifles. They would never have deserted in the face of an enemy."

So it came about that no one wanted to be put on guard at that strange post.

Colonel Dean was much disturbed. "I will not order any man to that post against his will," he said, "but if there is any one of you who is willing to serve there, let me hear from him."

Upon that, David Lee, a fearless young Indian fighter from a little frontier village in Vermont, stepped forward.

"I will try it, Colonel," he said. "I will neither desert nor run away, and no redskin shall take me alive. I will take no chances."

That night found David at his post of duty. No doubt he was nervous, for even a brave man must have had a feeling of dread. But like the good soldier that he was, he stood at his post, rifle in hand. He made ready to fire at the first sign of danger. His eyes and ears were open to everything that might take place.

For several hours nothing happened. About midnight, by the light of the rising

"The boys need some fresh meat, anyway, so here goes!"

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moon, he caught sight of a hog quietly feeding on some acorns. At first he paid little attention to it, for there were plenty of hogs about the camp. Every day they could be seen rooting in the woods and feeding on the acorns. The hog did not seem to mind the sentinel. In a little while he had worked his way into some bushes.

But David kept his eyes on him. He saw that, although the hog did not seem to be taking any notice of him, he was slowly and quietly getting a little nearer all the time.

At last when the hog was only about twenty feet away, David noticed that he made an awkward movement now and then.

"Strange!" said David to himself, "it seems to be a real hog, but he is certainly stiff in his joints. I believe I will take a shot at him. The boys need some fresh meat, anyway, so here goes!"

"Crack!" went David's rifle. The bullet struck the animal full in the side. Instead of falling over, the beast leaped high into the air

and gave a fearful war cry. A big Indian warrior with a tomahawk in his hand lay dead almost at David's feet.

The mystery was simple enough. The Indian, dressed in the skin of a hog, had come up to the sentinels and killed them with his tomahawk before they could give the alarm by firing. Then he had carried the bodies away.

V

A LONG TRAMP BY TWO BOYS

MORE than two hundred years ago there was war between England and France. It was a long, bitter struggle to find out which country should be master in America. For the most part the Indians fought on the side of the French, but they never fought in the open. They used to make sudden attacks on the settlers, usually at night, when the war-whoop was often the only warning. Sometimes the Indians would hide in the woods for days to get a chance to kill and scalp the men at work in the fields. Then they would carry the women and children to Canada and sell them for guns or strong drink.

In Haverhill, on the banks of the Merrimac river, in the Old Bay State, lived a settler by the name of Merrill. During the French and Indian wars the people in that part of the

country were in constant danger from the Indians. The savages used to paddle down the river in their canoes, attack the log-house villages, then go back up the river with their captives, and hide in the deep woods on the frontier.

Mr. Merrill had one son, Isaac, a sturdy young fellow, fifteen years old. Mr. Bartlett, a near-by settler, had a son, Joseph, who was twelve years old.

One beautiful afternoon, late in the fall, the two boys were at work digging potatoes in a field not far from their homes. They laughed and told stories as they worked. Not an Indian had been seen or heard about there since the winter before.

Suddenly two Indians dashed out of the woods near by, seized the two boys and carried them into the thick woods before they could cry out for help. Then, being sure of a good price for the boys in Canada, they set out for their camp far to the north.

"It is hard luck, Joe," said Isaac to his

friend in a whisper, "but we should be glad that we are alive. We shall find some way out of our trouble."

No doubt Joe felt like crying, but he was a plucky boy, and kept still. "I will do my best, Ike," he said, "but what will my folks say when I don't get home tonight?"

There was only one thing for the two boys to do, and that was to go quietly with the Indians. For three days they tramped through the woods until they came to a large lake in New Hampshire. There they met the party of Indians to which the two savages belonged. On the shores of the lake, the name of which means "the Smile of the Great Spirit," they made a camp for the winter.

Isaac and Joseph were pioneer boys who had heard and knew a great deal about Indian life. They were quick to understand that they must make the best of their situation. So they helped the squaws about the camp, made friends with the warriors and the dogs, and played with the papooses, or Indian babies.

As we shall see later, they were wise in making friends with the dogs.

When the Indians saw that the boys made themselves at home in the camp, they treated them kindly. They showed them how to make bows and arrows and often took them on hunting trips for deer and bears.

When the long and stormy winter gave way to an early spring, Isaac knew that it would soon be time for the Indians to break camp and move to Canada.

"When the moon is full," said an old squaw, "we shall start for Canada and sell the boys for much firewater."

Isaac began to plan that very day how he and Joe could escape.

"Our home is far to the south," said Ike to himself. "If we travel by day the Indians will be sure to catch us. How are we to find our way by night? We have not even a compass. Still, we must risk it. Father and mother will never see us again if they sell us in Canada."

April came, with its warm sun. The snow was melting fast. Any day now the Indians might break camp.

"Now is our chance," said Ike to Joe. "Home or Canada, which shall it be?"

Joe was a sturdy and plucky pioneer boy.

"I will do just what you say, Ike," he replied. "Let us start tonight."

"All right, Joe; don't sleep sound, and don't even whisper when I pinch you."

In the middle of the night Isaac, who had not slept at all, got up, and, as still as a mouse, stepped over the sleeping Indians. He filled his pockets with parched corn and took also a piece of deer meat that he had hidden the day before. He gave Joe a gentle pinch. In another moment both boys crept out of the wigwam. All was still. Without a moment's delay they began their long tramp to their home, miles and miles down the Merrimac River.

Early the next morning they found a hollow log, crept into it, and were soon fast asleep.

There was a wild time in the camp when the Indians found that the boys were gone. Taking a dog with them, they started on their trail. The dog picked up the scent and dashed away. The Indians followed in swift pursuit. When the dog came to the hollow log, he sniffed and began to bark. But Ike was quick witted. He called the dog by name and threw him a piece of the deer meat. The dog knew the boys. He ate the meat and then ran after his masters, who thought his barking meant nothing.

"A pretty close call!" whispered Ike.

That day was a long one, but night came at last. Again the boys, guided by the stars, tramped till morning through the wilderness.

The next day Ike killed a bird. The hungry boys ate it raw. A little later they killed a turtle with a stone, and ate the raw meat for dinner.

"This is pretty tough stuff to eat," growled Joe.

"So it is, Joe," replied Ike. "Not much

like the roasted deer meat that mother bakes in the fireplace. But it is better than starving, so cheer up."

For a week the boys kept up their march. Then Joe grew faint from lack of food and the hard going. On the eighth day he lagged behind.

"I cannot walk another step," he cried. "Go ahead, Ike, and leave me."

"No such talk as that, Joe! Stick to it a little longer," replied Ike. "I thought I saw the smoke of a cabin this morning, so don't give up.

Ike made a bed of dry leaves for the tired and hungry boy.

"Lie down here and don't stir until I come back for you," he said.

With hands and feet bleeding, the plucky boy dragged himself along until he found an old deserted log cabin. That meant at least that there was a trail, and perhaps settlers within a few miles. He hurried back and found Joe fast asleep on the leaves.

"All right, Joe! I have found a log cabin and a spring of cold water near by."

Ike then rubbed Joe's back and legs and bathed his face and neck with water. The boy was soon able to drag himself along toward the cabin. At one time Ike carried him on his back a little way. At another time he scolded him and pulled him along by the arms.

That night the boys rested in the old cabin.

The ninth day came, and again they tramped until noon. They were ready to drop from hunger and exhaustion, but after midday they struck a well-used trail. Before dark they reached a frontier fort on the Saco river, in Maine, where the soldiers gave them plenty of good food.

In a few days Ike was as well as ever, but Joe was taken with a fever and was sick for many weeks. It was a happy day in September when Joe's father went to Maine and brought both boys back to Haverhill. They had long been given up for dead.

VI

SETH POMEROY, PATRIOT, BLACKSMITH, AND GUN MAKER

IN Connecticut there lived many years ago a young man named Seth Pomeroy, who was a blacksmith and gun maker. His people long years before had been blacksmiths in England. In his shop he used every day the anvil on which his great grandfather had worked in the Mother Country. The guns that the young blacksmith made were so good that the people of the old Bay State voted to give him a large tract of land if he would come from Connecticut and make guns in Massachusetts. Young Pomeroy accepted the offer.

He grew up a large, handsome, sturdy young man, and became the captain of a militia company when he was only twenty years old. At thirty he was a major. Ten years later he

was colonel of a militia regiment, and a brave soldier in the war with the French and Indians.

When the Revolution broke out, Colonel Seth Pomeroy was more than sixty years old, but to him that did not matter.

"There is going to be some stiff fighting," said the old soldier, "and I must do my part."

Ever since the news of Lexington had reached the Pomeroy house, there had been great excitement in the little village.

One afternoon, two days before the Battle of Bunker Hill, a man rode in great haste to Colonel Pomeroy's home.

"I must see Colonel Pomeroy at once," he said to the maid. "Please give him this letter, for I must ride back to Cambridge at once."

"My master, Sir, is taking a nap. He does not like to be disturbed."

"Never mind," said the man. "Wake him up and give him this letter."

"Dear me!" said the girl. "Has there been any fighting?"

"There will be plenty of fighting; make no mistake about that," replied the messenger.

The noise of the talking in the quiet house woke Colonel Pomeroy. Downstairs he came in his shirt sleeves.

"This is Sergeant York, I suppose. Did you bring this letter?"

"Yes, I did, Colonel Pomeroy."

"All right. Get something to eat at once. Be ready in thirty minutes to ride back with me to Cambridge."

The oldest daughter came rushing into the living room.

"Father, I cannot let you ride to Cambridge tonight. You were sick abed yesterday with a cold."

"Never mind the cold, Priscilla. It will be hot enough in Boston before the week is out. They need me there. Tell Cæsar to saddle Daisy, the little black mare."

There was no use for further talk. The old

gun maker was stirred as he had never been before. Every patriot realized that a battle with the British was at hand. It would not be a skirmish, as at Lexington, but a real battle.

Late that afternoon Colonel Pomeroy and Sergeant York started for Cambridge. When the little black mare was tired out, a fresh horse was hired. All night long the two horsemen galloped, through the woods, past little villages, and over the hills. It was morning when they reached Cambridge.

That night Colonel Pomeroy with a large number of militia marched silently from Cambridge to Charlestown. The men carried pickaxes, shovels, and iron bars. When they reached Bunker Hill they threw aside their packs and coats, stacked their guns, took their shovels and pickaxes, and began to build a line of earthworks. All night they dug and threw up the earth. A thousand strong men worked as they had never worked before. In a single night they made a fort. So silently

did they work that not a single British sentinel on board the men-of-war in the near-by harbor heard the click of a spade.

The next morning one thing became plain to the British officers. If the Americans should have time to place cannon behind their rude earthworks, they could drive the British out of Boston. The only thing to do was to drive the Americans from that hill at once.

The British warships in the harbor soon opened fire. General Gage, the British commander, ordered the big cannon on Copp's Hill to fire. The houses in Charlestown were soon burning. The flames and smoke of four hundred blazing houses made a terrible sight all that forenoon. Thousands of men and women watched the scene from the housetops in Boston.

For three hours General Gage stood watching through his spy-glass the Americans who were still working like beavers on their intrenchments. It was high time for him to send his soldiers across the river to drive them

from their fort. At noon three thousand British regulars, with flying banners, and beating drums, went in boats across the river to Charlestown.

Meanwhile Colonel Pomeroy had taken command of some raw troops by the rail fence where General Stark was in command.

"Don't be in a hurry, men," he said, as the British soldiers advanced. "Fire low. Aim at the brass buttons on the officers' coats."

Along came General Putnam, or "old Put" as his men called him.

"Powder is scarce, boys," he said. "Don't waste it. Don't fire until you can see the whites of their eyes."

When the powder gave out and the Americans were forced to fall back, Colonel Pomeroy was one of the last to leave the field. Fighting his way with his clubbed musket, he brought his men from the hill in good order.

Colonel Pomeroy was made a general in the patriot army. Although he was a sick and feeble old man, he would not go home.

"You have already fought in two wars, General Pomeroy," said Washington to him one day. "You have done your duty. Go home and make guns for us and we will use them."

"Sir, I cannot go yet," said Pomeroy. "I shall keep on fighting as long as I can lead my men into battle."

The old soldier lived only two years after the battle of Bunker Hill. He was true to his country to the last hour of his life.

VII

DICK ALLERTON'S QUICK WIT SAVES HIS BROTHER

A LITTLE more than a year had passed since the Continental Congress had declared that the thirteen American colonies no longer belonged to Great Britain.

When the Revolution began, our people did not intend to separate themselves from the Mother Country. They were simply fighting for their rights as Englishmen. Now the situation had changed. They were now fighting to be a new nation that should not be under the control of Great Britain.

Late in the fall of 1777, General Howe, the British Commander, had marched into Philadelphia with colors flying and bands playing, in spite of all that Washington could do to

stop him. Washington and his little army went into quarters at Valley Forge, about twenty miles away. Here he and his "ragged continentals" suffered great hardships in their winter camp. General Howe and his army were passing the winter in ease and luxury in the "rebel capital", as they called it.

On Market Street in Philadelphia, not far from Independence Hall, there stood at that time a large mansion. It was the former home of Captain William Allerton, who had been killed in the Battle of Trenton. Besides his wife he had left two sons, Samuel, the elder, and Richard, the younger, and two daughters. When the war broke out Samuel joined the troops. He was now at Valley Forge. Richard lived on a small farm not far from the city.

There were then in Philadelphia, as there were in other parts of the country, many Americans who were on the side of the British. Some were good men, others were cold and selfish. The patriots gave them the nick-

name of Tories. It meant men who would rather fight for the King of England than for the freedom of their native land.

Food was scarce because of the large British force in the city. The Tories were quite willing to exchange food and fuel for British gold. Hundreds of British soldiers were lodged in the private houses of Americans.

Until cold weather set in, Richard Allerton found it easy to get a pass from the British officers to carry food and supplies to his mother and sisters. Now the guards had strict orders to arrest patriots who were caught bringing supplies to their friends in the city from the near-by farms.

One cold winter night, when it was nearly dark, Richard was tramping along the road to the city. Inside his long cloak he carried a goodly lot of supplies for his family.

"If I can only get by the guard near the corner of William Penn Street," he said to himself, "I am quite sure to reach mother's house all right."

Under the cover of darkness he boldly walked up to the soldier on guard. "Who goes there?" came the challenge, sharp and quick.

"A friend," quickly replied Richard.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

Richard gave "King George", the proper word for the night.

"Pass, friend," said the guard.

The young man was glad to get by the guard so easily. In a few minutes he reached his mother's home and received a warm welcome from her and from his sisters. They were greatly in need of the supplies he had brought. The women were also tired of the rough and noisy actions of the soldiers living in the house.

"Now, Richard," said his mother, "let us all keep very still. There are four men in the west chamber playing cards. The others are at the playhouse round the corner. The girls are going to give you a surprise."

The two girls led their brother to an upper chamber. There stood a soldier in continental uniform.

"Why, Sam, my boy, how are you, and how did you get here from Valley Forge?" cried Richard, as they shook hands.

"It is a long story, Dick. I 'll tell you more later. I must get away before sunrise. Mother has a good supper ready. Let us eat, and then we will talk."

It must have been near midnight when the united family sat down to supper. Then suddenly a troop of horses appeared in the street and there was a loud knocking at the front door.

"That Tory who gave me the countersign has betrayed me!" cried Richard.

The supper party broke up at once. Mrs. Allerton was pale, the girls were ready to cry, but the two young men kept cool.

"I must not be found here in this uniform," said Sam. "The redcoats will take me for a spy."

He rushed upstairs and Richard made after him.

"Help me, Dick, to get out of this tell-tale uniform."

Meanwhile the soldiers were keeping up a lively pounding on the front door.

"Open the door or we will break it down," shouted a British officer. "There is a rebel hidden in this house."

Richard hurried downstairs and opened the front door.

"Now we have caught the rebel spy at last," cried the officer.

"Why do you call me a rebel spy?" asked Richard, calmly, shaking off the rough hand of the redcoat officer. Then he continued, "There must be some mistake here. Perhaps you are looking for my brother. He is in the American army at Valley Forge. I think there is an old uniform upstairs that belongs to him. Wait a minute and I will get it. You can see for yourself whether I am the man you are looking for."

So upstairs calmly walked Richard and came back with the uniform that Sam had just cast aside.

Now Richard was nearly six feet tall, and as strong and stout as he was tall. Sam was short and slender.

Richard began in a dignified way to try to squeeze himself into his brother's uniform. The soldiers began to laugh. It was too funny even for the British sergeant, who happened to be a good-natured fellow. He laughed as heartily as the others did.

"You are not the man we are after," he said. "There must be some mistake. I am sorry I made you so much trouble."

"It is all right, Sergeant," said Richard. "We were eating supper as you knocked at the front door. Come into the dining room and have some with us. My mother and two sisters will be glad to meet so polite an officer."

The sergeant sent his men back to their quarters and enjoyed his midnight supper with the Allerton family.

Early next morning Sam left the dark closet in the attic and slipped away to Valley Forge. As for Richard, he left his mother before sunrise and tramped back to his farm across the river.

VIII

HOW A LAME BOY HELPED WIN A BATTLE

THE War of the Revolution had been going on for two years. In a little village some five miles from Bennington in Vermont a lame boy named David Smith was sitting, one hot day in August, on a bench in front of a blacksmith shop. David was a helper to the village blacksmith, who, that very morning had taken his musket and was on his way to join General Stark.

"It is bad enough to be lame," said the young fellow to himself, "but it hurts to be told of it every minute by all the boys as they march away to fight the Hessians. Last night I tried to join Captain Jones' company. 'Go home, David!' said the captain. 'You are too lame. With that left leg you could not march a mile.' So I came home and here I am."

"Hip! hip! Hurrah, David," shouted half a dozen young men from Horseneck Corners, as they hurried along the road and saw David sitting on the bench. "Come on and help us thrash the Hessians."

A few minutes later along came Joe Sullivan, seventy years old, and his grandson Jerry, only fifteen years old.

"I shall be the only young fellow left in the village!" cried David. "All the rest are on their way to Bennington. All I am good for is to stay at home and tend the babies."

It rained hard all that night, but the next day was very sunny and hot. David was glad to sit on the shady bench by the door of the blacksmith's shop. As he sat there he began to think about the great things that his friends were doing, and what was likely to happen.

He knew that the British were trying to cut off one group of colonies from another group by sending an army down the line of the Hudson River from Canada. The two long lakes, Champlain and Lake George, made a great

water highway from Canada on the north to the sea on the south. General Burgoyne was to lead an army of four thousand British regulars, three thousand Hessians, and five hundred Indian warriors.

David knew that the Americans had an able leader in General Schuyler, who was trying to delay the march of the enemy through the wilderness until the settlers could rally to defend their homes. He was not strong enough to meet the foe in open battle, so he had gone to work with the axe, the iron bar, and the pick to delay the march of the British. And right well was he doing it. Hundreds of big trees had been cut down and thrown across the roads. Cattle had been driven out of General Burgoyne's reach. The land was stripped of food. At one place it took Burgoyne twenty-four days to march twenty-five miles. Then he had to wait two weeks longer to bring up his forty cannon.

All this time the British army was hard pushed for food. Every pound of meat and

bread had to be brought from Canada. Nobody but a Tory would sell the enemy an ounce of beef or an ear of corn. Burgoyne had made up his mind to strike a hard blow at the people of New England. He knew that supplies for the Americans were stored in Bennington in Vermont, so he sent General Baum with five hundred Hessians and Indians to capture them. But in less than three days things began to look bad for General Burgoyne. Six hundred more men under the command of Colonel Breymann were sent out to help him.

Meanwhile the sturdy men of New England did not wait for the savages to burn their homes and scalp their women and children. They rallied from far and near. Men had ridden on horses over the hills and mountains into every village to call the men at once to the meeting-place that General Stark had chosen.

Those were the things that David Smith was thinking about as he sat on the bench before the blacksmith shop.

About noon a fine-looking man, dressed in the blue uniform of a colonel in the patriot army, came down the road, riding very slowly on a horse which limped badly. The officer spied the blacksmith shop and David, sitting there on the bench.

"Hi! Hi! Young fellow!" called the stranger. "Where are all the men folks?"

"Gone to join General Stark."

"Is there anybody here who can shoe a horse?"

"Yes, sir, I can," replied David.

"You see, young man, my regiment is marching by way of White Creek. I took a short cut through the woods," continued the officer, "and my horse cast a shoe a few minutes ago and is already lame."

"Bring up your horse and hitch her to that post. I will shoe her," said David.

"Go ahead, my boy," said the officer, "I will pay you well. I am Colonel Seth Warner, and I am rushing my regiment to help General Stark, so work lively."

"Is there anybody here who can shoe a horse?" *Page* 58.

David made a fire in the forge, blew the coals to a red heat, and set the shoe.

"It is not the best fit in the world," he said to himself, "but it will do."

Meanwhile the battle of Bennington had been won. But Colonel Breymann with fresh regulars began a lively attack on the Americans. Just in the nick of time Colonel Seth Warner with his five hundred "Green Mountain Boys" also came upon the scene and made a furious charge upon the enemy. Under cover of darkness less than one hundred of Breymann's men reached the British camp in safety.

The news of the splendid victory at Bennington gave joy and hope to every patriot. It may be that David Smith, the lame boy, did more to help by shoeing Colonel Warner's horse than he could have done if he had been in the battle.

IX

A HALF-WITTED YOUNG FELLOW HELPS GENERAL ARNOLD

WE have just read how General Burgoyne was delayed in his plan to reach Albany, and how a lame boy helped to win the battle of Bennington. But the British were by no means ready to give up. They planned another move.

As there were many Tories in central New York, and also powerful Indian tribes friendly to the British, it was decided to send Colonel St. Leger of the British army up the St. Lawrence River into Lake Ontario, where he was to land at Oswego. Then the combined forces of his army and the Indians friendly to the English were to sweep down the Mohawk Valley and join Burgoyne at Albany. There was fear and dread in the Mohawk

Valley when the news was made known. The sturdy settlers were threatened with all the horrors of Indian warfare.

What could be done to meet the peril? There was a fort called Fort Stanwix, which guarded the Mohawk Valley. It had done good service in the French and Indian wars, but was now fallen into decay. A brave soldier, Colonel Gansevoort, was in command. From a friendly Indian he learned of the coming danger. Would the rotten timbers of the old fort withstand the cannon of the enemy? If the fort fell, what mercy could the frontier people expect from Joseph Brant and his seven hundred Indians?

Colonel St. Leger, with his army of regulars, Tories, and Indians, reached Fort Stanwix a few days before the battle of Bennington.

"Surrender your fort at once or I will batter it down with my cannon," said Colonel St. Leger to Colonel Gansevoort, the commander.

"Never! We will fight to the last moment," replied Colonel Gansevoort.

Then the battle began, with the wild war-whoops of the Indians, the roar of the cannon, and the sharp crack of rifles.

Meanwhile, General Herkimer, a brave old soldier of the French and Indian wars, now over sixty years old, called for recruits. Having got together eight hundred riflemen, he hurried with them to the relief of the fort. On the march the little army ran into an ambush laid by Indians and Tories, and the Battle of Oriskany — one of the most desperate and terrible battles of the whole Revolution — followed. No quarter was given or expected by either side. Of the eight hundred Americans who fought on that fearfully hot August afternoon, only one-third ever saw their homes again. They held the field, but they were too weak to go forward to the help of the fort.

Meanwhile the garrison at Fort Stanwix had not been idle. Colonel Willett hoisted five captured British banners, and raised the Stars and Stripes above them. That rude

American flag, made in a hurry from a white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some strips of red cloth cut from a petticoat worn by a soldier's wife, was the first American flag ever flung to the breeze. The date — August 6, 1777 — is one to remember: the first real "flag day."

The attack on Fort Stanwix still kept up, and now the enemy began to dig under the walls. Colonel Gansevoort, finding his food and powder running short, sent word to General Schuyler for help. An old Indian made the dangerous trip. It took him three days of hard traveling through the wilderness. General Schuyler was willing to send help, but some of his officers were afraid of Burgoyne's rapid coming.

"He means to weaken the army," said one officer.

In his anger Schuyler bit in two the stem of the pipe that he was smoking.

"Never mind," he said, "I shall call for volunteers in the morning." Before noon

the next day eight hundred riflemen were ready to go.

Of all the officers of high rank in the American army at that time, the one best fitted for the desperate deed was in Schuyler's army. It was Benedict Arnold, the man whom Washington admired for his bravery in battle.

"I will go, General Schuyler," said Arnold. "Washington sent me up here to fight, and here I am. I have been idle for three weeks. Give me, Sir, a chance to fight."

After a week of hard marching Arnold was still twenty miles from Fort Stanwix. There he halted until more help could reach him.

By that time the garrison was desperate. Some of the officers began to hint at surrender. If the fort should be taken by assault, it would mean a fearful death at the hands of the Indians. Colonel Gansevoort was almost ready to make a desperate attempt to cut his way through the enemy's lines.

But now a striking and unlooked for thing happened. The army that besieged Fort

Stanwix was put to flight without the help of a single soldier or the discharge of a single gun. The British and Tories left their tents, their baggage, and their camp supplies and fled into the woods. What caused the sudden flight? Rubbing their eyes in wonder, the tired patriots walked out of the fort. Not a British regular, Tory, or redskin was to be seen. This is what had happened.

While General Arnold was waiting for more men, he had captured a number of Tory spies. Among them was a queer, half-witted young fellow named Hon Yost, who was condemned to death as a spy.

"Hon Yost," said Arnold. "Tomorrow morning at sunrise you will be shot."

That was terrible news for the boy's mother, who hurried to Arnold's camp that night and begged him to spare her son. At first Arnold was very hard with the poor mother; then a bright idea came to him.

"Bring that half-witted fellow here at once," he said to one of his officers.

"Now, Hon Yost," said Arnold, "I will spare your life if you will do exactly what I tell you to do. Will you do it?"

"Certainly, I will do it," said the trembling boy.

"Go tomorrow morning," said Arnold, "to St. Leger's camp. Find the General himself. Tell him and his officers that Burgoyne has been defeated and that a great American army is near at hand to join my force. I will hold your brother here for security. I will also send some friendly Indians to keep their eyes on you. Do this, and you may go home to your mother."

"I will do it. You may trust me," said Hon Yost, who was frightened almost to death.

Queer stories soon began to pass from mouth to mouth in and about St. Leger's camp. It was said that Burgoyne had been defeated; that a great patriot army was marching up the Mohawk Valley; that scouts from Arnold's army had been seen within a few miles of Fort Stanwix.

Hon Yost proved himself a shrewd and cunning fellow. He got a friendly Indian to shoot a dozen bullets through his coat. Then he went to the British camp and began to tell wonderful stories. He said there were more than three thousand men in the patriot army, "as many as there are leaves on the trees." He had just escaped with his life. "Look at my coat!" he said. "It is riddled with bullets." Burgoyne's army had been cut to pieces. The Indians who had come with him told the same stories.

Hon Yost and his family were widely known to be Tories. His tale was easily believed. St. Leger's Indians at once fell into panic. In vain the British officers coaxed and swore at them. "The pow-wow says we must go," and go they did, in great haste. Then the Tories themselves and even the regulars, were also seized with panic, and St. Leger's whole army — regulars, Tories, and Indians — all fled in terror.

X

MARION, THE SWAMP FOX

AFTER the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga the British seemed to lose heart. Indeed, both sides were tired of bloodshed. There was little active fighting for two years, and the British even made a feeble attempt to make peace.

"We will give you all that you ask except independence," said the British statesmen.

"Yes," replied the colonists, "but that is the very thing that we have been fighting for these three years. Give us independence or we shall keep on fighting."

The British now began a campaign against the colonies in the South. General Clinton was placed in command of it. They captured Augusta and Savannah, which brought all of Georgia under their rule. Charleston, in South Carolina, was also captured. That

gave the British the key to the whole of Georgia and South Carolina.

General Clinton went back to New York, leaving Lord Cornwallis in command, with an army of four thousand men. The Americans did not have soldiers enough for an army. The whole Southern country was given up to plunder. The British troops showed no mercy to the Americans.

In this crisis two great American soldiers came to the front. They became bold and skillful leaders in the wild warfare in the South. One was General Sumter, the other was Francis Marion, often called the "Swamp Fox." "But for Sumter and Marion," said Lord Cornwallis, "South Carolina would be at peace."

But there was now no army to fight for the Southern patriots. They must depend upon themselves, in small groups. The British had stations from which raiding parties went out to burn, plunder, and kill, and then slipped back to their posts.

The Americans needed a leader, and they soon found one. He was Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox." That bold and dashing chief, then forty-five years old, was a modest, quiet little man, below the middle height. He had piercing black eyes and a broad high forehead. He had a body that could endure any amount of hardship or fatigue, but he was so slight in build that he never attempted any deeds of personal bravery.

Never were men more attached to a leader than Marion's men were to the dashing chief who so often led them to victory. They were a shabby-looking band of hard-riding troopers who had no pay, no flag, and no uniforms. They had few guns or swords except those that they captured from the British regulars. Though Marion had to sleep on the ground in the Carolina swamps, he was often without a blanket. One night his bed of brush caught fire and burned his blanket, singed his hair and his close-fitting coat, and ruined his fur cap.

Marion always kept his plans secret. He did not even tell them to his officers, but he shared all the dangers and hardships of his men. He was always on the alert — bold, quick to dash in, swift to act, and quick to retire. That was his way of fighting.

His headquarters were in the Carolina swamps, where he had hiding places from which he could strike quick, hard blows at the camps of the British. No regular soldiers dared to chase the troopers into their secret hiding places. No wonder the British officers lived in dread of Marion! They called him the "Swamp Fox", but he was more like a wolf or a tiger to them. Yet he was not cruel. "Never shall one of my men burn a house to the distress of helpless women and children," he said.

One day a young British officer went to see Marion about the exchange of prisoners. The Americans blindfolded him and led him into the wilderness where Marion had his camp, a swamp with great trees on every side.

The young officer was curious to see the bold leader who had spread such terror among the British troops.

Instead of the giant bandit that he had expected to see, there stood a little, spare, gentle man who greeted his guest with kindly and polite manners and soon agreed to the exchange of prisoners.

"I shall be glad to have you dine with me," said Marion to the officer. "You must be hungry. Our dinner is ready to be served."

"Yes, indeed, General, I shall be pleased to dine with you," replied the officer, "for I am hungry."

A negro brought a log into the rude tent. Marion and the officer took their seats on it. In a few minutes in came the negro cook bringing some roasted sweet potatoes upon a big piece of bark.

"Now, Captain, please help yourself. Our dinner is somewhat slim, but it is all we have and the best we have." Then Marion broke a large potato in two and passed it to his guest.

"Our dinner is somewhat slim, but it is all we have." *Page* 72.

The simple act was too much for the young British officer, a man of gentle manners, dressed in the elegant uniform of his rank.

"My dear General, surely this cannot be your usual bill of fare."

"Certainly it is, but today we serve a little more of it than usual, since we have you as our guest."

Like the true gentleman that he was, the British captain ate his sweet potato in silence. It is said that he was so impressed with his frugal dinner that he resigned his commission and went home to England.

"If the people of this country," said he, "can live on such simple fare as that, they deserve their independence."

XI

A BRAVE SISTER TO THE RESCUE

AT the time of the Revolution there was a large plantation on one of the branches of a river in South Carolina. It was the home of Captain Isaac Drayton, a famous patriot and soldier of that time. His oldest son, Isaac, was the captain of a band of patriots and had seen service under General Marion. Two younger sons, Daniel, seventeen years old, and Samuel, fifteen years old, helped to carry on the plantation. There was also an only daughter, Bessie, sixteen years old. In that year — 1780 — the affairs of the patriots in the South were in a sad way.

One hot July day Bessie walked through the woods to a near-by plantation to call on a sick friend. When she came home, she found a band of Tories and British regulars

making ready to camp for the night in front of her father's house. Guards were on duty about the place, but they did not stop the girl as she hurried into the house.

"Oh, Mother! What does this mean?" cried Bessie. "What are these soldiers here for? The Tories carried off all our horses and cattle last week."

"Now, Bessie, be calm," replied the mother. "Captain Huck is the leader of this band. He is the man who robs and burns houses and hangs peaceable citizens. He frightens women and children and makes them tell where their men-folks are hiding. Only last week your brother Isaac, with fifty of his troopers, made a midnight attack on this Captain Huck, and put the whole band to flight. He captured their supplies and a number of horses and got back to Marion's camp without the loss of a man. Captain Huck has come now to take revenge on us."

"But, Mother, I don't see Daniel and Samuel," cried Bessie. "Where are they?"

"Bessie," said Mrs. Drayton. "Captain Huck came into the kitchen this afternoon and found Dan and Sam melting our pewter spoons into bullets.

"'Take those two boys out,' he said to his first officer, 'and throw them into that old corn crib. Tell them and their folks that I shall hang both of them at sunrise tomorrow. Don't let anyone talk with them.'"

"Oh, Mother!" cried Bessie, bursting into tears, "do you really think that Captain Huck will dare to hang them?"

"He has hanged many a good man since the war began. I am afraid that he will dare," replied her mother.

"I am going out to the corn crib to see if I can get a chance to talk with Dan and Sam," said Bessie.

Out of the house, through the garden, and behind the barn she walked quietly.

"Stop where you are! Don't go near that corn crib," commanded the British soldier on guard. "I am under strict orders."

Now Bessie was a pretty girl with much tact and good sense. With a smile she faced the guard.

"Sir," she said, "I only want to speak for one minute to my two brothers who have been shut up all this hot day in the old corn crib. Let me talk with them through the slats for a moment, and I will go back to the house."

It happened that the guard was good-natured and had a kind heart.

"Well, miss," he said, "when I face round the corner of the barn I will keep my back toward you. Run up and speak to your brothers for one minute. Then skip back to the house."

Looking through the slats with sad smiles, Dan and Sam greeted their sister.

"I am afraid we are in for it this time, Bessie," said Dan. "Captain Huck says he shall hang us at sunrise."

"We shall die of the heat and thirst before morning, anyway," said Sam. "There is no way out."

"Keep up your courage, boys," whispered Bessie. "I will find some way to help you."

Bessie ran back to the house, where she found her mother very quiet, with a strange look on her face.

"Come here, Bessie," she said. "Let us plan some way to get the boys out of the corn crib before morning."

"O, Mother, if only we can do it!"

"Isaac is only thirty miles away," Mrs. Drayton went on, "but we have n't a horse left on the place."

"Yes, Mother, but Mrs. McBride still has her old mare. I saw her hitched to a post as I came by today."

The young girl quietly walked about the house as if she had no idea of leaving, but she kept a sharp eye on the guard on the lawn. It was so hot and sultry that most of the Tories were lying in the shade of the great trees. Putting on her sunbonnet, Bessie walked out on the back porch, where, for some reason, no guard had been placed.

"Now or never," said the girl to herself. "If I don't risk it, it will be too late to reach Isaac's camp."

Her knees trembled and there was a lump in her throat as she calmly and slowly crossed the open space. Expecting every moment to hear a stern order from the guards to halt, she kept on her way and reached the shelter of the tall rose bushes in the garden. Then she broke into a run. She dared not stop until she reached the house of Mrs. McBride, half a mile away.

"Why, Bessie Drayton!" said the good lady, as Bessie ran into her kitchen. "What is the matter, child? Is your mother sick?"

"No, Mrs. McBride, but Captain Huck and his Tories are camped on our lawn and he is going to hang Dan and Sam tomorrow morning. I must go now to Isaac. Is your mare on the place?"

"Bless me! It is thirty miles to Isaac's camp!"

"I know it, but if I may have the mare I can get there."

"Of course you may have her! Come with me. We hid her out in the woods so the Tories would not steal her."

Mrs. McBride gave a low call, and the mare came. In a moment the women had caught her. Mrs. McBride brought a bridle from its hiding place and adjusted it. Bessie mounted.

"Never mind the saddle," she said, "I don't need it."

"Thirty miles," said Mrs. McBride to herself as Bessie galloped away. The long hard ride for the rescue of her brothers had begun.

The sun sank lower and lower, but the girl dashed on at full speed. At sunset she gave the dripping mare a short rest, and then went on through the lonely woods, along the narrow trail.

As it grew dark, the road, which lay through deep woods, became hard to see. There were strange sounds in the darkness. The mare began to show signs of distress, and to stumble

often from the heat and the hard riding, but Bessie urged her on. Just before midnight, when the mare seemed ready to drop, the girl reached Sumter's camp. She quickly told her story to Captain Isaac, her brother.

"You have done a great deed, Bessie," said he. "I am proud of you. Stay here and rest in camp until I come back. Sam, my servant, will look after the mare."

It was a little after midnight when Captain Isaac with one hundred and fifty troopers rode swiftly out of the camp. Just before sunrise they came in sight of the Drayton mansion and Captain Huck's campfires. There they halted and made plans to cut off the Tories from their horses.

Just at sunrise, with a yell that broke the still air, Captain Isaac led his men in their charge. Captain Huck was taken completely by surprise. There was a short, sharp fight, but the Tories were cut off from their horses. Captain Huck was shot in the dooryard and the troopers won the day.

XII

JOE HOPKINS SAVES A VILLAGE

NEARLY one hundred and fifty years ago Captain Donelson, a famous hunter of that time, took charge of a party of two hundred men, women, and children from Virginia and North Carolina who had decided to move to Tennessee. They were to go down the Tennessee River into the Ohio in a fleet of thirty large boats. They were then to make their way up the Cumberland River until they reached the Bluff, where the city of Nashville now stands.

The journey, which took more than four months, was made during the winter of 1778 and 1779, long known to the people as the "hard winter." For sixty days the pioneers fought their way through the hardships of the wilderness and the perils of deep and unknown rivers. Among those who made

the trip were the wife and five children of Captain Joseph Robertson. One of those children was a daughter, Rachel, who afterwards became the wife of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States.

But in that company was another little girl, Nancy Gower, fifteen years old, who proved herself a real heroine. She was steering a boat down the Tennessee when the Indians began to fire on the little fleet. The bullets whizzed by Nancy's head but she kept a firm hand on the tiller. A moment later a bullet pierced her hip. She made an outcry, but still kept the boat straight on its course.

"Why, Nancy dear, you are hurt!" cried her mother as she saw the blood-stains on her daughter's clothing.

"Yes, mother, the Indians have shot me," quietly replied Nancy. She kept her grip on the tiller until the boat was out of range of the Indian bullets. She did not die of the wound. She lived more than fifty years after that perilous voyage, till the wilderness along

the Tennessee was filled with rich farms and thrifty towns.

Among others who made that long voyage were David Hopkins and his wife, Rachel, and their two children, Joseph, who was fifteen years old, and Ruth, who was twelve. The family built a cabin for themselves on a branch of the Cumberland River not far from a small village of other log houses.

As Joseph grew older he began to hunt with his father. He soon became a good shot with the rifle and as skillful in paddling a canoe as any Indian.

As other settlers moved into the region, the village began to grow. The Indians became restless, fearing that the white people would drive them away from their hunting grounds.

After a time they held a great pow-wow, or council. At the end of it they put on their war paint and made ready to attack the village and kill all the white people in it. One day the news came that they had burned a settler's cabin and killed his family.

Among the Indians was an old woman named Long Nose, to whom Mrs. Hopkins had been kind. One night she appeared at the Hopkins's door. She said that the Indians were on their way to attack the cabin.

"Rachel," said Mr. Hopkins to his wife, "do you take Ruth and run for the blockhouse. Joe and I will come as soon as we can."

Late that night the barking of the Hopkins's dog warned them that the Indians were near. Soon they saw some of them hiding in the underbrush, and heard arrows strike against the walls of the cabin.

Quietly Mr. Hopkins and Joe crept out of the back door. Under the shelter of the underbrush they made their way to the bank of the river. They leaped into a canoe and paddled for their lives down the river toward the blockhouse.

"The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!" cried Mr. Hopkins as the guard opened the gate of the stockade to let him and Joe in.

The next day a number of Indian war canoes came down the river within gunshot of the blockhouse and opened fire. The settlers replied, and there was sharp fighting all day. At dusk the Indians drew off and paddled down the river about half a mile. There they landed, built fires, and cooked their deer meat. Then the drums called the warriors to a great pow-wow. The savages howled like mad men and danced their war dances, to stir themselves for an attack on the blockhouse the next day.

In that battle Joe Hopkins did his part. He was large and strong for his age, for he had helped his father to cut down trees, burn the underbrush, plant corn, and do other hard work of the pioneers. He was also a boy of great daring.

All that day in the blockhouse he stood at his post, rifle in hand, firing whenever an Indian showed himself.

Just before dark he climbed a tall hickory tree behind the blockhouse. From that perch he could see the Indian camp, and half a dozen

of the war canoes moored near the bank. In a moment he had formed the bold plan of making way with the canoes, so that the Indians could not keep up the attack.

Late that night, without making the slightest noise, Joe crept out of the blockhouse. He had told no one, not even his father, what he intended to do. Silently and carefully as an Indian he crept along the shore, until he was close to the dancing, howling Indians. There he hid in the thick underbrush until midnight, when the pow-wow ended and the camp became quiet.

Joe now took off his clothes and tied them about his neck. Placing his hunting knife between his teeth, he swam quietly out to the canoes floating at their moorings, and cut the thongs of one of them. It swung free, and in a moment was borne away by the swift current of the river.

"One gone," said Joe to himself, as he turned toward the next.

Swimming as silently as an otter, he slipped

from canoe to canoe, and cut all of them loose but one, which he kept for himself. In that one, he paddled back up the river to the blockhouse, and was soon safe inside.

What a howl went up from the Indian camp at sunrise! The canoes held the guns and the powder of the Indians, and most of their food. The loss of the canoes left them helpless and forced them to give up the attack. Before night they had slipped away into the wilderness.

XIII

HOW TWO BOYS OUTWITTED FOUR INDIANS

IN a little frontier village on one of the branches of the Ohio river, opposite the Kentucky shore, lived a widow named Rebecca White. She had two sons, Joseph, who was nineteen, and Samuel, who was sixteen. The father had been killed by Indians some years before.

Like all frontier boys, Joseph and Samuel had learned to paddle a canoe and to use the rifle. Early one morning they got into their canoe and paddled down the little river on which their cabin stood. Five miles below that point the stream empties into the Ohio River. They had planned to cross the Ohio and hunt in the bottom lands on the Kentucky side, where game of all kinds was plenty.

The region for miles up the river was a wilderness of heavy timber.

The river was high, and the current was swift. When the boys were half way across, Joseph happened to look back. One look was enough. A large canoe with four Indians in it was coming in swift pursuit of them.

"Don't look behind you, Sam," said Joseph, quietly. "The Indians are after us. We must paddle for our lives."

The time had come for the boys to make use of the early training that their father had given them. Both of them bent to the work. There was not a sound of any kind except the steady dip of the paddles. Each party was doing its best to defeat the other.

Joseph's first thought was to keep on down the river and after a time work his way over to their own side of the stream. There they would be safe, for they knew every trail and every stream. They could not do it because, no matter how hard they paddled, the Indians were gaining upon them.

"The best thing we can do," said Joseph, "is to make for the other shore and hide."

"The shore it is, then, Joe," replied Sam. "There are four of those Indians and only two of us, and they are sure to get us if we keep on."

They reached the high bank of the river, climbed to the top, and dashed into the woods. They had gone only a little way when they came to a big oak tree against which a maple had fallen. Both trees were in full leaf, so that the foliage made a good hiding place.

"If we keep on farther into the woods the Indians will surely overtake us," said Joseph. "Here is our best chance. They will hardly think that we would stop so near the river. Let us climb this maple and hide among the leaves."

In a few moments both boys were snugly tucked away in the top of the tree. From their perch they saw two of the Indians land, climb the bank, and dash into the woods.

Like bloodhounds the savages began to

search for the trail. For some reason they failed to find it and soon were out of sight in the woods.

"That was close," whispered Sam. "Let us slip down quietly and see if we can find out what the other two Indians are doing."

Very carefully the boys climbed down the maple and crept through the thick underbrush along the bank. Hiding behind the trunk of a huge sycamore tree that the spring floods had brought down, they found that the two Indians were still beside the canoe, and that they were within close rifle range. Much to their astonishment they saw that there were two white women in the stern of the canoe. One of the Indians was at the foot of the bank, the other stood in the bow of the boat.

"Sam," whispered Joseph, "we must try to save those women. You take the big fellow near the bank and I will take the one in the canoe. Now be sure of your aim!"

Joseph's Indian pitched forward into the

canoe. Sam's fell dead. The boys loaded their rifles and ran toward the canoe. The Indian that Joseph had shot was crawling towards the women, bent upon killing them. Joe sprang forward and struck him a heavy blow with the butt of his rifle, then picked him up and threw him into the river. Sam dragged the other Indian to the edge of the water and threw him in.

There was no time to lose. The Indians in the woods must have heard the crack of the rifles. It would mean sure death if they should come back and attack the boys from the high bank.

The boys threw the weapons of the dead Indians into the large canoe, and made the smaller canoe fast to it. Then they pushed quickly out into the swift current. It was not a moment too soon. The two Indian warriors appeared upon the high bank and were mad with rage when they found that they had been outwitted by two boys.

Joe and Sam went on down the Ohio till

they came to a creek on which they knew there was a settlement. There they left the women and went back up the river to their own home. The next day they returned with horses and took the women home with them.

The women, a Mrs. Fuller and her daughter, Polly, lived some fifty miles up the Ohio River. The Indians had captured them several days before, while they were visiting a sick friend. The boys stayed with Mrs. White for several weeks before they went back to their own home. Joseph fell in love with Polly, and married her the next year.

XIV

THE BIRD WOMAN

WHEN Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, he made what is known as "The Louisiana Purchase." That does not mean that he bought only what is now Louisiana. It was far more. The Louisiana Purchase included all that great region between the Mississippi River on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west. It stretched from Canada on the north to Texas on the south. This vast territory then belonged to France, which had got it from Spain only a few years before. Nobody knew how large it was or how valuable it would be to this country. For the most part it was a wilderness.

Napoleon Bonaparte, then Emperor of France, needed money to aid him in his war

with England, so he offered to sell the whole region for fifteen million dollars. Jefferson accepted the offer at once. By that purchase our country gained more than twice as much territory as it had before, besides getting control of the whole Mississippi River and the city of New Orleans.

Of course Jefferson wished to know more about the territory, so he sent a party of men to explore it. To lead the party he chose two army officers. One was William Clark, the other, Meriwether Lewis, Clark's friend from boyhood. In the party there were also several pioneers from Kentucky, fourteen regular army officers, and several other persons — forty-three in all. The party set out from St. Louis, then a little frontier village. As the three boats began their long voyage up the Missouri River to a country in some parts of which no white man had ever been, the people on the river bank cheered, but shook their heads.

"They will never come back. They will

be lost in the wilderness or killed by the Indians," they said.

Two years passed. No news had come from the party. Even President Jefferson had given up hope. But one day, at the end of the twenty-eighth month, some boats were seen coming down the Missouri River. Lewis and Clark had returned. They had crossed the Rocky Mountains. They had floated down the streams until they had entered the great Columbia River, and, following that, had reached the Pacific coast.

In all — by boat, on horseback, and on foot — the exploring party had traveled more than eight thousand miles, without the loss of a single life.

The success of the wonderful trip was owing in part to the courage and endurance of the leaders and their men, but even more to a young Indian woman whose name in English means "Bird Woman."

She belonged to the tribe of the Shoshone or Snake Indians, and was born in what is now

Idaho. When she was nine years old she was captured by members of another tribe, the Mandans, who took her to their far-off village and sold her as a slave to a half-breed French guide named Charboneau. When she was fourteen years old she married him.

Late in the fall of 1804 the people of the Mandan village saw three boats filled with white men coming up the Missouri River. The men of this tiny fleet landed, and finding the Indians willing to trade, they built log cabins and began to exchange beads and red cloth for furs. The two white chiefs, Lewis and Clark, became acquainted with Charboneau, who could speak French and several Indian dialects, and who was proud of his girl wife.

The two captains invited the Bird Woman and her husband to go with them on their long trip through the wilderness. During the first winter a son was born to the young wife, who named him Baptiste. On that long journey of five thousand miles she car-

ried her baby nearly all the way strapped to her back.

Taking the Indian girl with them was a wise step on the part of the two captains. The Indian tribes that they were to meet would know that they meant peace, for Indians never took a woman with them in their war parties.

For two years the Bird Woman showed herself to be a real heroine. Only a few weeks out on the trip the leading boat was capsized. Medicines, books, food, and all sorts of other things went floating off down the river, but the Bird Woman, who was in the last boat, saved many of them.

About the middle of the first summer the party reached the land of the Snake Indians, where the Bird Woman had been born. She was now of the greatest help, for she knew the Indian trails and buffalo paths. They came to a place where three branches unite to make the Missouri River.

"Which one shall we take?" asked Captain Clark.

"The south branch," said the Bird Woman. "My tribe always took that one when they crossed the plains."

As the two captains pushed farther into the wilderness they began to feel the need of Indian guides and horses. Those two things they must have, so they delayed their march into the Shoshone lands.

One day Captain Clark had a visit from a Shoshone chief, and the Bird Woman was called in to talk with him. He proved to be her brother, whom she had not seen since she was a child. The Snake Indians were rich in small, sure-footed, wiry horses. The chief agreed to furnish the white men with as many as they needed, and also with guides, in exchange for axes, knives, iron kettles, cloth, and beads.

The party, with fresh horses, started once more for the Pacific coast. When they reached the head waters of the Missouri River they had to cross steep, high mountains until they came to the sources of the Columbia.

The trip was full of hardships and peril. They had to follow rude trails known only to the Indians. Food was scarce, and the men were often cold, wet, and hungry.

But the Bird Woman was the mainstay of the whole party. The life of every man was in her keeping. When even the dried fish gave out she gathered plants unknown to the white men and cooked them into mush. She made wild fennel roots and wild onions into food. When fish and meat gave out she found berries and seeds for the hungry men to eat. When Captain Clark was sick she made gruel for him from flour that she had saved for her baby.

Late in the fall of 1805 the party reached the Pacific coast and there spent the winter. Their wonderful trip had opened the door to the far west and pushed the frontier from the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast.

Early in the spring of 1806 they began their return march to the East. This time they moved rapidly. The trip from the Man-

dan village to the coast had taken eight months. Coming back they made the journey in half that time.

At the Mandan village the white men said good-by to the Bird Woman and the half-breed guide. Captain Clark offered to give them a farm and stock it for them, or to fit them out as traders, but they chose to live with the Indians.

Little Baptiste, the baby who made that long journey with his father and mother, grew up to become a famous guide.

The Bird Woman lived to be very old. She was slender and short of stature, but wonderfully straight and quick in walking, even to the very end of her life. When she died she was buried on an Indian reservation in Wyoming.

Some years ago a great mountain peak was named for her. It overlooks the place where she was captured, and where she afterward pointed out the mountains to the white men. A great rock and a tablet mark the spot. In

the City Park in Portland, Oregon, stands a bronze statue. It shows the Bird Woman standing with uplifted hand and with little Baptiste on her back, pointing the way for the pioneers. On the base are these words:

> "Erected by the women of the United States in memory of Sacajawea, the only woman in the Lewis and Clark expedition, and in honor of the pioneer mother of Oregon."

XV

COLTER'S RACE FOR LIFE

AMONG the men who made the famous exploring trip from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast with Lewis and Clark was one named John Colter.

When the party reached the Mandan village on the return trip, Colter left the party to set up as a trapper. He built a cabin on the upper Missouri River and put out his traps. Fur bearing animals were plenty, and it was easy to trade with the Indians. All went well for a time. The Mandan Indians were friendly, but one day a party of Blackfeet captured Colter and carried him as a prisoner to one of their villages.

The tribe then held a pow-wow or council, to decide what they should do with their prisoner.

"Let us tie him to a tree and shoot him to death with our arrows," said one warrior.

"No," said another, "let us tie him to a stake, throw tomahawks at him, and then burn him to death."

Colter knew something of their language, and so learned that the Indians had decided to put him to death. He was therefore much surprised when the Blackfoot Chief said "I am going to give you a chance to run for your life. If my braves catch you they will kill you. Can you run fast?"

"No," said Colter, "I am a poor runner and your braves will easily catch me; but I am willing to race for my life."

The chief took Colter out a little way on the prairie and placed him before a row of Indians drawn up in line.

"Run!" ordered the chief. The trapper started, with the pack of yelling Blackfeet at his heels. Every Indian had a spear or a tomahawk, but Colter had no weapon and

was barefooted. Thorns as sharp as needles tore his feet, but he knew that six miles away was the river, and he made for that. At the end of three miles he dared to look back. Most of the Indians had been left far behind. Only one was near him, but that one was gaining.

When the Indian was so close that he was about to hurl his spear, Colter stopped suddenly and spread his arms. The Indian tried to stop but lost his balance and fell. Instantly Colter seized the Indian's spear and drove it through his body.

Again the trapper started for the river. He gained a little time as the savages stopped a moment to examine the body of their companion. At last Colter reached the undergrowth along the bank of the river, dashed through it and into the water. He swam to a small island of logs and brush and driftwood that was floating like a raft. Under that he dived. When he came up he found a place between two logs where he could keep his

nose and eyes above water, and where the driftwood hid him from sight.

The Indians swam to the island, climbed to the raft, and tramped back and forth across it, even on the very logs under which Colter was hidden. Whenever they came too near, Colter let himself sink below the surface and quietly came up for air somewhere else.

"If they should set fire to the brush," said Colter to himself, "they could smoke me out." But the Indians did not think of that, and at last, believing that Colter was drowned, they gave up the search and went away. Colter stayed under the driftwood until dark. He then swam a long way down the river and crawled out on the bank.

What a task lay ahead of him! He had little or no clothing, was barefooted, and had no weapon; yet only by a long journey could he reach any place where he could get food or clothing.

After a week or more of terrible hardships, he at last found his way to a trading post,

where he told wonderful stories. He said he had seen springs that were boiling, and fountains that spouted steam and hot water into the air for a hundred feet. The traders laughed at him and no one believed his tales. They would tap their foreheads to show that they thought he had lost his mind through having suffered so many hardships. But now we know that he told the truth. He had traveled through the Yellowstone country. He was probably the first white man to see the boiling and spouting springs that make up some of the wonders of Yellowstone Park.

XVI

WASHINGTON IN EVERYDAY LIFE

SO much has been said and written about Washington that it is easy to think of him as being unlike other men. A little study of his everyday life shows that "The Father of his Country", really was very human. Like other men, he had his faults and his weaknesses, but they take nothing from the honor and respect in which the nation holds his memory.

Washington has been dead more than one hundred and twenty-five years, yet he still stands as the first and greatest of all Americans.

If we could see him today as he was in life, we should behold a very large, strong man, as straight as an arrow. One day his favorite nephew asked him how tall he was.

"In my best days," he said, "I stood six feet and two inches in my stocking feet."

During his whole life he was rather spare than fat. His usual weight was about two hundred and twenty pounds. His hands and feet were very large.

"I never saw on any other human being so large a hand as Washington had," said Lafayette.

Washington's eyes were of a light grayish blue, and so deep sunken that they gave him a peculiarly serious look. Stuart's portrait of him is said to be wonderfully true to life.

"Why did you paint his eyes of a deeper blue than they are?" asked a friend of the famous painter.

"In a hundred years," replied Stuart, "they will have faded to the right color."

Washington was a very strong man. It is said that he once threw a stone across the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg.

One day when Washington was at a wrestling match, the champion of the day asked

him, in sport, to wrestle. Washington did not even take off his coat, but grasped the "strong man of Virginia", and in a moment it was all over; for, said the wrestler, "in Washington's lion-like grasp I became powerless and was hurled to the ground with a force that seemed to jar the very marrow in my bones."

In the days of the Revolution, some of the riflemen and the backwoodsmen were men of tremendous strength, yet there were good judges who believed that their commander-in-chief was the strongest man in the army.

Amid the hardships of a campaign Washington was always the same calm, dignified, and stately gentleman. At one time his headquarters was in an old log house. There was only one bed, and he alone slept in it. Fourteen members of his staff slept on the floor in the same room. Food was scarce. The sedate commander-in-chief served the breakfast of mush and milk with his usual dignity.

Though he was so large and strong, Wash-

ington ate very sparingly, and only of the simplest food. One of his friends once said that "he ate his breakfast at Mt. Vernon at exactly seven o'clock, of three small Indian hoe-cakes and as many dishes of tea." Custis, his adopted son, once said that the General ate for breakfast "Indian cakes, honey, and tea", and that he was so fond of salt fish that it was usually served at Mt. Vernon as the regular Sunday dinner.

Even at state banquets, Washington, while President, usually dined on a single dish, and that of the simplest kind. Every Thursday he used to give a public dinner "to as many as my table will hold." He allowed a delay of only five minutes to any belated guest. At exactly five minutes past four o'clock he marched in solemn state to the table.

At those stiff, formal dinners, the richest foods were served to the guests, but there was no laughter and little talking.

Washington seldom laughed. At one of Lady Washington's receptions some of the

merry young guests tried in vain to make the stately President laugh. Some said that he could not laugh aloud, but once, at least, he proved that they were wrong. When he was in command of the army at Cambridge, he made his headquarters in the Craigie House, which afterwards became the home of the poet Longfellow. One day General Putnam, the veteran of the French and Indian Wars, captured an old woman as a spy. The old lady put up so hard a fight that "Old Put" seized her and carried her on his back to General Washington. That was too much even for the dignified Father of his Country. He laughed aloud and heartily.

Though Washington so seldom gave way to laughter, he was fond of dancing. He learned to dance when he was a small boy, and continued to dance until the year before he died, when ill health compelled him to give it up.

Like all other rich Virginians of his time, Washington kept open house at Mt. Vernon. He used to speak of his mansion as "a well-

resorted tavern." Guests of all sorts and conditions "were desired to tarry" and share the bounties of the General's table.

Washington gave away much money, both in small sums and in large ones, to needy persons. In his diaries are hundreds of such entries as these: "A lady in distress, $50"; "Gave a poor man $2.00"; "School in Kentucky, $300"; "Ten shillings to a wounded soldier."

His free and easy charity, with his lavish style of living, made a steady drain upon his income, but Washington was both a very rich man and very thrifty and methodical in handling his business affairs. To carry on his Mt. Vernon estate required skill and attention. At one time there were five hundred slaves and hired men employed about the place. The Mt. Vernon grist mill ground the flour and meal for the help, but it also made a special brand of flour that sold for a high price, and even the flour barrels were made on the place. Washington's own sloop carried

the flour to the market. Even the cloth for the bedding and for clothing the help was woven on the place.

Washington wrote one day in his diary that he would never buy another slave. The next night his cook ran away, and not being able to hire one, "white or black", he had to buy one. "Something must be done," he said, "or I shall be ruined."

He was too kind-hearted ever to flog his slaves, and they often abused his kindness. Some made believe that they were sick, others ran away. In his diary he set it down that his slaves stole his sheep and his potatoes; burned their tools, and wasted six thousand twelvepenny nails in building a corn-house.

Washington was very fond of horses. From early boyhood he was a skillful, daring rider, and he continued to ride, year in and year out, until shortly before his death. Many were the stories that the "ragged Continentals" told of the superb appearance of their commander-in-chief at the head of the army or in

battle. In speaking of the battle of Monmouth, Lafayette said, "Amid the roar and confusion of that conflict I took time to admire our beloved chief, mounted on a splendid charger, as he rode along the ranks amid the shouts of the soldiers. I thought then, as now," he continued, "that never had I beheld so superb a man." Thomas Jefferson said in one brief sentence: "Washington was the best horseman of his age."

Such was the man, who, "without a beacon, without a chart, but with a keen eye and steady hand, guided his country safe through darkness and through storm."

"Never had I beheld so superb a man." *Page* 116.

XVII

HOW THEY LIVED IN OLD TIMES

IF it is interesting to read of the hardships and heroism of the people who lived in this country many years ago, it is also interesting to read of their everyday life. What kind of houses did they live in? What kind of clothing did they wear? What did they eat? What did they do on Sunday?

The country one hundred years or more ago was very different from the country today. There was then only a fringe of villages along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia. Fifty miles inland, the country was for the most part an unknown wilderness. Only seven states had boundaries that were known. Large and prosperous cities now stand where two hundred years ago there were only a few pioneer settlers who lived in log-cabin villages.

In the old times the first houses were one-story log-cabins, built by laying one log upon another. The roofs were steep, and covered with bark or straw to keep out the rain. The cracks between the logs were stuffed with moss and plastered with clay. As time went on, larger and better houses were built of wood or brick.

In those days there were no stoves or furnaces in which coal, oil, or gas could be used, but only a big fireplace at one end of the room. Some of the fireplaces were large enough to burn logs from four to six feet long. First a big back log was rolled in. Then a fore-stick was laid in front and the space between was filled with smaller wood. Since the whole country was a wilderness, there was plenty of wood to be had for the cutting.

The home life of the common people down to the time of the Revolution was very simple. At first the only floors were the bare ground. In time they gave way to floors made of boards, over which white sand was scattered,

and then swept into patterns with a broom, to serve in place of a carpet or of paint.

The door of the cabin was opened by pulling a latch string that hung on the outside. At night the door was locked by pulling the string in. "Come over to see us," one neighbor would say to another, "we keep the latch-string out."

Matches were unknown. The fire was started by striking a spark with a flint and a piece of steel. The spark was caught on a bit of dry rag that had been scorched a little, and was then brought to a blaze by blowing on it. The first matches were only splinters of wood dipped in sulphur. If the fire went out someone was sent to the nearest neighbor to get live coals in a shovel, a kettle, or a piece of green bark. Such matches as we know came into use about one hundred years ago.

Oranges, bananas, tomatoes, celery, and many other fruits and vegetables that are now so cheap in their season were either unknown or beyond the reach of people of scanty means. There were no cook-stoves, sewing

machines, kerosene lamps, telephones, gas, electric lights, radio, or bathrooms. Glass was so scarce and so costly that parchment or oiled paper was used in its place. Very few of the common people could afford clocks. They made a mark on a door sill or a window sill, and learned what time it was by noting when the sun cast a shadow on the mark.

In the old days wheat bread was hardly known. In place of it the people used bread made of mixed Indian meal and rye flour, not unlike our brown bread. Bean porridge was also a common and favorite article of food. It was made by boiling beans in the water in which corned beef had been cooked. Woodchoppers in winter used to carry a piece of frozen bean porridge in their pockets and thaw it out for luncheon in the woods. People used to say that the longer it was kept, the better it tasted, and there is an old rhyme,

"Bean porridge hot,
Bean porridge cold;
Bean porridge in the pot
Nine days old."

Few potatoes were raised until after the Revolution. In place of coffee, people used barley, parched and ground, various kinds of roots, and bread crusts.

In most of the thirteen colonies, the people began very early to provide schools for their children; but the schoolhouses were rude and rough. They usually had only one room. On one side was the door and a big fireplace, and along the three other sides ran a long, rough shelf. In front of the shelf stood benches made of split logs with legs driven into holes bored on the under side. The pupils faced the wall, with their backs to the teacher. In front of the benches was a lower bench for the younger pupils.

The teacher sat in the middle of the room and the boys and girls stood up before him to recite. School sessions were from seven to eight hours long. The larger boys had to cut the wood for the big fireplace. There were very few books, and other supplies were scanty. Steel pens, crayons, and lead pencils were unknown.

The schoolmaster, like the doctor or the lawyer, was an important man in the village. He was usually a student who was earning his way through college by teaching winters and working on a farm in summer.

In many of the school districts he was expected to "board round"; that is, he lived with the parents of his pupils, staying with a family a certain number of days for each child in the family who attended his school.

The young schoolmaster was usually a welcome and honored guest. The best room in the house, the warmest corner by the fireplace, and the choicest food were kept for him. During the long winter evenings he talked politics with the men of the household, played games with the children, and took the older girls to spelling matches and quilting parties.

Whittier in his poem, "Snow Bound", gives a faithful picture both of the village doctor and of the country schoolmaster of the olden time.

Sunday was a real day of rest, and was most strictly kept, especially in New England.

It began at sunset on Saturday and ended at sunset on Sunday. Between those hours no one thought of doing any work, not even getting in hay or doing any other of many things that people often do now.

All who did not go to church were punished. A bell, a horn, or a drum called every well person in the village to church. The men often carried their guns on their shoulders. Behind them walked the women and children, all dressed in their best clothes.

In church, families did not sit together as they do now. The old men, the young men, and the women all sat by themselves. Boys and girls sat on the pulpit steps or in the gallery. On a bench just below the preacher and facing the congregation, sat the deacons. It was their business to "line out" the Psalms for the people to sing. Hymn books being scarce, few of the people had them, so a deacon would read aloud two lines, and the people would sing them; then he would read the next two lines, and so on. Every one sang, but

there was no choir, no music of any kind. Also there was no fire, and in the winter the meeting-house was so bitterly cold that the women often carried foot-stoves, which were small sheet-iron boxes containing a few hot coals. The sermons lasted from two to three hours. On the pulpit stood an hour-glass, which a deacon would turn when the sands of the hour had run out.

The seats in the church were hard, and the sermons long. The men and women worked early and late through the week; so it is not surprising that some of them were sleepy in church. But it was a serious matter to go to sleep during the service. The watchful tithing-man, as he was called, was always on the lookout. He carried a long rod, on one end of which was a rabbit's foot and on the other a hare's tail. When he saw a woman dozing he would tickle her face with the soft fur of the hare's tail, but if a boy nodded, the tithing-man gave him a sharp rap on the head with the other end of the rod.

XVIII

DOLLY MADISON

OF all the ladies who were the wives of Presidents and were for a time known as "the first lady of the land", Dolly Madison was probably the most popular and the most beautiful. She belonged to a well-known Quaker family of Virginia, named Payne. Her mother and grandmother were noted for their wit and beauty. When Dolly was fourteen years old her father, who was a captain in the Revolution, freed his slaves. He sold his plantation and moved to Philadelphia, which for a time was the capital of the new nation. To that city came many of the famous men and women of that day.

Dolly Payne had bright blue eyes with long lashes, curly black hair, and a beautiful, soft skin with a perfect complexion. All her life she was noted for her sweet, lively, and happy

manners. "Everyone loves Mrs. Madison," said Henry Clay, the great orator, to her.

"And Mrs. Madison loves everybody," was her quick reply.

While still a young girl Dolly Payne married a rich young man named John Todd. Three years after their marriage a terrible epidemic of smallpox broke out in the city. The young husband and one of the children died of the plague. Dolly herself caught the disease and nearly died of it.

Not long after that, James Madison, then a well-known member of Congress and a famous statesman, saw Dolly one night at a party. He was so much charmed with the beautiful, witty young widow of twenty-two that he begged a friend to get him an introduction to Mrs. Todd. In a few days Dolly Todd was introduced to James Madison — "the great little Madison", as she called him in one of her letters.

The sober and dignified Madison, twenty years older than Dolly, fell in love with the

handsome young widow. A few months later they were married and lived happily together for more than forty years.

During the eight years that Jefferson was President, Madison was his Secretary of State. As Jefferson was a widower, Dolly Madison was looked upon as "the first lady of the land"; then Madison succeeded Jefferson as President, and his wife became the "First Lady" by right.

When the war of 1812 came, Madison had been President of the United States for five years. The war had been fought mostly at sea, but in August of 1814, the British landed an army of five thousand men near Washington and began to march on the city. There was only a small army to protect it. It was plain that Washington was in danger.

President Madison rode out sixteen miles into the country to rally the militia. "I shall be gone a day or so," he said to his wife. "Have you the courage to stay here until I come back?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "I am not afraid, if only you come back safe and our army is not defeated."

"Take good care of yourself," said Madison, "and if anything happens save the public papers if you can."

Nearly all the able-bodied men had gone out to meet the enemy. The few who were left began to move their household goods. Most of Mrs. Madison's friends had fled from the city. Even the soldiers on guard at the White House had left their posts of duty. Men slept in the fields and woods that night. Women and children hurried for safety across the bridge over the Potomac.

A special message came from the President. It said, "The enemy strong. They may reach the city and burn it. Be ready to leave at a moment's notice."

But the little lady at the White House did not run away. Her first thought was for a wagon, but none of any kind could be had.

"Bring me all the trunks you can find," she said to the few servants who were left.

All that day and part of the night, she packed into trunks the nation's valuable papers. She heard the roar of the cannon and saw crowds of people flying in panic to the country.

Late in the afternoon two messengers covered with dust galloped out to the White House. "Fly for your life, Mrs. Madison," they said. "The house will be burned over your head. The enemy are near the city."

At last a faithful negro servant found a wagon. Into it Dolly packed the silverware and the valuable papers. Just as the servants were helping her into the wagon Dolly cried, "Not yet! That painting of Washington shall never fall into the hands of the enemy. It must be taken away before I leave the house."

The painting was the famous portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart. It was in a heavy frame that was screwed to the wall in

the state dining-room. In the hurry no tools could be found with which to take off the frame.

"Smash it!" cried Dolly to the servants. "Take out the canvas and roll it up carefully." They did it, and the picture was sent to a safe place. Later it was returned and now hangs over the mantel in the Red Room at the White House.

There was not a moment to spare. Dolly put on a disguise of some sort and the negro servant drove the wagon into the country. That night the British burned the White House and several other public buildings. But the next day there was good news. The British, hearing that a large American army was at hand, retreated to the warships in the Potomac.

Mrs. Madison met with much trouble in getting back to the city. The officer on guard at the bridge across the Potomac, not knowing her in her disguise, refused to let her pass.

In vain she pleaded. The officer was firm.

"Sir, I am Mrs. Madison, your President's wife," she said at last, as she threw off her disguise. Upon that, the officer gave way and allowed her to cross.

Through the smoke, and past burning ruins, she made her way to the home of her sister, and there waited for the coming of her husband.

At the end of his term of office Madison went back to his plantation. For many years he was a sick man, hardly able to leave his house. His wife gave up all social life and devoted her whole time and energy to caring for him. He died twenty-two years after the attack on Washington.

After his death, Dolly Madison went back to Washington to live among her old friends. Again her home became the most notable social center of her time. The most famous men and women regarded it as an honor to be invited to her receptions.

XIX

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S KIND HEART

THERE are many stories that show what a kind heart Abraham Lincoln had, and how ready he was to show his sympathy for the needy and helpless. He was as kind-hearted in his boyhood as he was in his later life. He had the same tenderness for dumb creatures as for his fellow men. The subject of his first "composition" at school was "Kindness to Animals." In it he said that it was cruel, mean, and cowardly to give pain to any living creature.

One day he saw a number of boys and some girls putting live coals on the back of a mud turtle. They were laughing heartily at the poor creature's efforts to get away. Lincoln, who was then a boy himself, dashed into the group, seized a stick from the ringleader's

hand, and pushed the coals from the turtle's back. With quick, stinging blows on their heads and backs, he scattered the boys right and left. Then he gave the girls a sharp scolding for taking part in such cruelty.

One day when Lincoln was eight years old he saw a flock of wild turkeys marching along close to the log cabin. His father was away from home. Lincoln ran in and quickly took his father's gun from the pegs on which it hung. Then, standing inside the cabin, he pushed the muzzle through a crack, took aim, and fired. He killed one turkey out of the flock. At first he felt proud of what he had done, but the pride gave way to pain that he had killed an innocent creature. He afterward told a friend that he hunted game only when the family was in need of meat for food.

When Lincoln was a young man he was driving an ox-team one cold winter day. His little pet dog, Pete, was trailing along beside the cart. They had to ford the ice-cold water of a river, for there was no bridge.

The oxen had hard work to make their way. Somehow, Pete was left behind, barking and yelping. It was nearly dark, but Lincoln could see the little dog running up and down the opposite bank of the river. That was too much for the tender-hearted youth. Pulling off his shoes and stockings, he waded across the stream and brought back the shivering dog under his arm. Speaking of the incident many years afterwards, Lincoln said: "I could not bear to leave even a puppy in trouble. The little dog's frantic leaps of joy and other evidence of his gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I passed through."

When Lincoln was a lawyer and was riding one day to court with some friends, he saw two young birds that the wind had blown from their nest. He got down from his horse and followed the little birds into the underbrush until he caught them. Then he hunted from tree to tree until he found the nest and gently put them into it. His friends laughed at

him, but Lincoln said, "Boys, I could not have slept well tonight if I had not put those little birds back into the nest with their mother."

At another time, on his way to court with several other lawyers, he saw a pig stuck in a mudhole. It happened that Lincoln had on a new suit of clothes. Of course he did not wish to soil them, so he rode on. But he could not help thinking of the pig, stuck there in the mud. He rode on a few miles, then turned back and pried the poor creature out with some fence rails. When his friends joked him about it, he said: "If that farmer had lost his pig, his children might have had to go hungry next winter."

A lady whose family lived in Springfield, Illinois, when Lincoln was a lawyer in that city, used to tell this story with great pride: — One day when she was a little girl she stood crying at her mother's front door because the hackman had not come to take her and her trunk to the railroad station. She was to go alone on her first outing to see a girl chum

in a near-by town. Down the street came Lincoln.

"What is the matter, little girl? Why are you crying?" said the tall lawyer. The girl told her story.

"Cheer up, my dear," he said. "We can catch your train if we hurry."

With the girl's trunk on his shoulder, Lincoln marched briskly down the street. The little girl, drying her tears, followed her tall friend as well as she could. They reached the station just in time. Putting the trunk and the girl on the train, Lincoln said, "Have a good time," and continued on his way to his office.

When Lincoln was President, though he had the terrible weight of the Civil War to bear, he was never so busy that he forgot the needs of the common people. Burdens and sorrows enough to crush most men were his, but he always had words of sympathy and comfort for those whose loved ones had given their lives to the cause of freedom.

XX

THE MAN WHO WROTE "AMERICA"

EVER since this country became a nation the American people have been fond of lively, sentimental, and patriotic music. Of the many songs once so popular, very few are now known. Of those that have lived, two, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "America", are known to every American. One or the other is almost always sung on patriotic occasions.

The man who wrote America was the Reverend Samuel Francis Smith, a Baptist minister. He was born in Boston, in 1808, within sound of the Old North Church chimes. He attended Harvard College, where he was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes. His famous song was written while he was a student at the Andover Theological Seminary. Before he

had finished his course he had written many well-known hymns.

Very early in his long life Dr. Smith turned to the study of foreign languages. While he was at Andover he learned to read and speak four foreign languages. After graduating at Andover he was chosen professor of modern languages at Colby University. He traveled extensively, inspecting missions in foreign lands. He also served as pastor of a church at Newton Centre, Massachusetts. He made his home in that city, where he lived until the time of his death in 1895, at the age of eighty-seven.

As the author of "America" began writing while in college, his literary work covered a period of almost seventy years. He kept his love of foreign languages until the last. In his old age he could speak and write fifteen different languages.

Besides "America", Dr. Smith wrote sixty other patriotic or religious poems. Many of his hymns are still in use in church service.

Among the most popular are "Blest Be the Tie that Binds", "Today the Saviour Calls", and "The Morning Light is Breaking."

Hundreds of pilgrims from all parts of the country visited Dr. Smith at his home in Newton, to pay honor to their prophet of patriotism.

When Dr. Smith was eighty years old, John Greenleaf Whittier wrote him a birthday letter in which he said "'America' has been adopted by sixty millions of freemen. It has kept time to the march of Freedom. It has been sung around camp fires, and the sick and wounded have forgotten their pain in listening to it. It has followed the American flag around the world."

"What is fame?" some one once asked Oliver Wendell Holmes. He replied, "It is to write a hymn which sixty millions of people sing; that is fame." Again, in referring to his old friend and classmate, he said, "Now there is Dr. Smith. He wrote 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.' His name will be honored by

every school child in the land when I have been forgotten for a hundred years."

Samuel Francis Smith does live in the hearts and voices of the American people, young and old, regardless of sect, party, culture, or condition. They keep alive the song, but not all of them remember the author.

A few years before he died, the Reverend Dr. Smith wrote a sketch of his own life, in which he told how he came to write his most famous hymn.

"The hymn 'America,'" wrote Dr. Smith, "was the fruit of examining a number of music books and songs for German public schools, placed in my hands by Lowell Mason (then a noted organist and choir master). Falling in with the tune of one of them, now called 'America', and being pleased with its simple and easy movement, I glanced at the German words, and, seeing that they were patriotic, instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own, to the same tune. Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I put upon it, within half an hour, the verses substantially as

they stand today. I did not know at the time that the tune was the British 'God Save the King.' I do not share the regret of those who deem it unfortunate that the national tune of Britain and America should be the same. I did not propose to write a national hymn. I did not know that I had done so. The whole matter passed out of my mind. A few weeks afterward I sent to Mr. Mason some translations and other poems; this must have chanced to be among them. This occurred in February, 1832. To my surprise, I found later that he had incorporated it into a program for the celebration of July 4, 1832, in Park Street Church, Boston."

Edward Everett Hale, the famous author of "The Man without a Country", was one of the children who sang on that memorable occasion.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.

APPENDIX

BOOKS FOR COLLATERAL READING IN THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY

In the Appendix to *The Child's Book of American History*, p. 209, may be found a list of "Books for Reference and Reading in the Study of American History." To this list are added sundry hints and helps under the headings of "Home Reading", and "The Use of a Notebook." The teacher may see to it that the plan suggested in that Appendix is modified to meet the needs of her particular grade.

In the following topics, references are made only to the books of this Series of American Histories.

Chapter I, Page 3

"The Indians, and How they Lived." *The Child's Book of American History*, p. 48.

"Dark Days in New England." *American History for Little Folks*, p. 30.

"Over the Wilderness Road." *Pioneers of America*, p. 107.

"The Women Save Bryan's Station." *Pioneers of America*, p. 86.

Chapter II, Page 10

"Daniel Boone." *Pioneers of America*, p. 22.

Chapter III, Page 17

"Columbus, the Wool Comber's Boy." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 1.

"Columbus, the Sailor." *American History for Little Folks*, p. 1.

"The Sea of Darkness." *American History for Little Folks*, p. 6.

"Columbus in the New World." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 7.

"Balboa's Reward." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 11.

"Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 12.

Chapter IV, Page 26

"Pontiac is Outwitted." *Pioneers of America*, p. 30.

Chapter V, Page 31

"The Indians Attack Haverhill." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 64.

"The Bravery of Hannah Dustin." *American History Story Book*, p. 19.

"Mercy Tyler Traps a Panther." *American History Story Book*, p. 80.

Chapter VI, Page 39

"The Midnight Message of Paul Revere." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 120.

"Cæsar Rodney's Ride." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 49.

"Old Put." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 44.

Chapter VII, Page 46

"Lydia Darrah Outwits the British." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 64.

"How Lydia Darrah Served Her Country." *Short Stories from American History*, p. 58.

"Peggy Miller Goes Marketing." *American History Story Book*, p. 50.

Chapter VIII, Page 54

"On the Frontier in Vermont." *Pioneers of America*, p. 54.

"The Burgoyne Campaign." *Story of American History*, p. 198.

Chapter IX, Page 60

"Our Nation's Flag." *Short Stories from American History*, p. 122.

"239 Arch Street." *American History for Little Folks*, p. 98.

"Raising the Stars and Stripes." *Pioneers of America*, p. 46.

"Arnold the Patriot." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 90.

"Arnold the Traitor." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 97.

"John Paul Jones and His Flag." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 77.

Chapter X, Page 68

"Marion, the Swamp Fox." *The Story of American History*, p. 255.

Chapter XI, Page 74

"Elizabeth Zane." *Pioneers of America*, p. 60.

"Emily Geiger's Daring Ride." *American History for Little Folks*, p. 103.

"Peggy White Calls on Lord Cornwallis." *American History for Little Folks*, p. 80.

Chapter XII, Page 82

"A Voyage in the Wilderness." *Short Stories from American History*, p. 92.

"Moving to the Frontier." *Pioneers of America*, p. 93.

Chapter XIII, Page 89

"Simon Kenton." *Pioneers of America*, p. 79.

"King Philip's War." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 55.

Chapter XIV, Page 95

"A Last Blow for Spain." *American History Story Book*, p. 112.

Chapter XV, Page 104

"Brady's Leap for Life." *Pioneers of America*, p. 101.

"A Leap for Life." *Heroic Deeds of American Sailors*, p. 30.

Chapter XVI, Page 109

"Washington as a Boy." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 77.

"Washington as a Young Man." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 83.

"Life at Mt. Vernon." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 91.

"Bessie Brandon's Unexpected Guest." *American History Story Book*, p. 86.

"The Home of Washington." *Short Stories from American History*, p. 104.

Chapter XVII, Page 117

"Log Cabin Days." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 37.

"Everyday Life in Colonial Times." *Story of American History*, p. 126.

"Everyday Life One Hundred Years Ago." *Story of American History*, p. 311.

Chapter XVIII, Page 125

"A Famous Writing-Desk." *American History Story Book*, p. 28.

Chapter XIX, Page 132

"Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 163.

"Abraham Lincoln." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 152.

"Lincoln's Boyhood on the Frontier." *Pioneers of America*, p. 142.

"Tad Lincoln." *Log Cabin Days*, p. 128.

Chapter XX, Page 137

"The Star-Spangled Banner." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 199.

"The Thirtieth of May." *Child's Book of American History*, p. 204.

"Our Nation's Flag." *Short Stories from American History*, p. 122.

"The Man Without a Country." *American History for Little Folks*, p. 128.

Additional Supplementary Reading

If additional supplementary reading is desired other than that which is mentioned in the preceding pages, the following stories from the books of this Series are suggested as furnishing interesting reading for the pupils in the lower grades.

I. From *The Child's Book of American History:* —
- "John Cabot, the Merchant," p. 8.
- "Virginia Dare," p. 18.
- "The Story of the Mayflower," p. 36.
- "Thanksgiving at Plymouth," p. 42.
- "The Defeat of General Braddock," p. 97.
- "How Gold Was Found in California," p. 144.
- "The First Day at Gettysburg," p. 173.
- "Gettysburg Turns the Tide of War," p. 180.
- "Old Abe, the Soldier Bird of Wisconsin," p. 191.

II. From *The American History Story Book:* —
- "Little Jarvis, the Midshipman," p. 98.
- "Helen Patterson's Escape," p. 106.
- "Defense of Fort Stephenson," p. 126.

III. From *American History for Little Folks:* —
- "Captain Miles Standish," p. 24.
- "William Penn, the Quaker," p. 45.

"A Famous Tea Party," p. 59.
"Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg," p. 122.

IV. From *Pioneers of America:* —
"The Capture of Quebec," p. 5.
"The Hero of the Northwest," p. 68.

V. From *Log Cabin Days:* —
"Attacked by the Indians," p. 19.
"The White Lily," p. 24.
"The Heroine of Monmouth," p. 71.